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Mr. Wilson's Mexican Policy Should Be Reduced to More Intelligible Terms.

Our good neighbor "The World" seems to be very enthusiastic over President Wilson's latest explanation of his Mexican policy—that which he incorporated into his address at the navy yard ceremonies on Monday. It says that petty criticism should be silenced by Mr. Wilson's announcement that if war in Mexico comes it will be a "war of service." The purpose of armed intervention, as the President sees it with "The World's" full approval, is "to serve mankind," just as his stubborn insistence until recently that there should be no intervention backed by force was also held by him to be an equally laudable form of humanitarian service.

To those who have been trying to figure out what the President's Mexican policy really is any hint from headquarters is helpful. "The World" made the most it could out of the hint in the navy yard speech when it remarked yesterday:

"We have gone down to Mexico," said Mr. Wilson, "to serve mankind, if we can find out the way." And we doubt if there is a single human being in the United States who honestly believes that the President has any other purpose.

A little indefinite and a little enigmatic, but still something. The average American would think that if we undertook an intervention in Mexico it would be for the purpose of discharging our responsibilities under the Monroe Doctrine, of protecting the lives and property of Americans and other foreigners domiciled in Mexico, or of terminating a condition of anarchy at our doors which had become insufferable, as President McKinley declared that the condition of anarchy in Cuba had become when we undertook to expel Spain from that island in 1898. Those are definite purposes having some relation to our national duties and interests.

The trouble with Mr. Wilson's declarations in regard to his Mexican programme is that they have not had any evident relation to either our national or our international obligations. They have been based on confusing and superficial phrases like "the suzerainty of moral inspiration" and "the service of mankind."

We should think it greatly to the public advantage if the President's policy could be reduced to much plainer terms. "The World" itself reduced it to something more concrete when it said a week or more ago:

Not since the United States government under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln destroyed human slavery has it undertaken a nobler mission than the emancipation of the Mexican masses from a tyranny [peonage and the concentration of land holdings in a few hands] that is little better than slavery.

It may not be clear that the United States has a mission to go into the Latin-American states and reform their land-holding systems. But if the administration thinks that it has why not put that down in black and white as a part of our intervention policy? We might as well be frank about it if we are going to construe our efforts to "serve mankind" in Mexico so as to include the award to every peon of at least three acres and a cow.

The Calmette Crusade a Failure.

Returns from the supplementary elections for members of the French Chamber of Deputies show that the coalition on which the Doumergue government rests has not been shaken. The salient feature of last Sunday's rebalancing was the gain of twenty seats by the United Socialists, the total gain of that faction in the elections of 1914 rising to thirty-eight. That increase in the forces of the extreme Left more than balances the losses of the Radical groups in the former ministerial combination. In fact, the groups of the extreme Left under the leadership of Jaurès and Caillaux are stronger now than they were in the last Chamber, since they enjoy the moral advantage of having repulsed the formidable attack of the moderates under Briand, Barthou and Millerand, aided and abetted by the reactionaries who financed Gaston Calmette's denunciatory campaign against Caillaux.

The most significant thing in the election was the collapse of the campaign made by the former editor of "Le Figaro." The French public did not take Calmette and his charges seriously, nor was it moved by the melodramatic killing of Calmette by Mme. Caillaux. It felt that the newly formed Union of the Left under the leadership of Briand, Barthou and Millerand was in reality a manoeuvre in the interest of reaction, and it refused to trust power to Republican politicians on too friendly terms with the Clerical and anti-Republican factions.

The French electorate has preferred to maintain the status quo. It turned a deaf ear to the calumnies of Calmette and the reactionary arguments of the press of the Parisian boulevards.

Our Roman-Clad Statues.

That outspoken sculptor, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, paid his compliments the other day to our toga-clad statuary. A slavish adherence to Greek and Roman ideals was responsible for such monstrosities, he affirmed.

Certainly the bust of a side-whiskered statesman in a flowing Roman toga is an amusing sight. But the solution of the problem scarcely seems as simple to us as it does to Mr. Borglum. Will you display your hero in a beaver hat and a neat frock coat? Or will you prefer him in his working clothes, with a tab collar, creased trousers and a three-button sack coat well padded at the shoulders? Of course, if you are lucky enough to have a day laborer for a subject you have an excellent setting in his working clothes. So, too, if he is a soldier or a sailor—as Admiral Farragut and General Sherman perpetually remind us.

But the ordinary clothes of the citizens of a modern state appeal to us as all but impossible from the sculptor's point of view. Such things can be glossed over, held in the background, in a painting.

In a statue the stiff lines and masses are there for all to see.

We have no affection for the toga. But why does not Mr. Borglum begin at the beginning and urge American males to wear soft collars and reasonably flowing garments? Then when they become famous they need drive no sculptor crazy and can be reasonably certain that they will not become marble nightmares for posterity.

The Municipal Building's Burglars.

The thieves who have invaded the sacred precincts of the Municipal Building and finally got \$2 in postage stamps from Borough President Marks's desk are enterprising but not intelligent. Their footwork is much better than their headwork. It is probable that they are destined to remain plain, ordinary crooks all their lives and wind up in some common jail.

To rob the city with success and safety needs qualifications which they evidently don't possess. There is the small fry finance of the burglar instead of the modern scientific method of the district leader or contractor. They had a good idea, common to many—that what was the public's belonged to anybody who could grab it—but lacked the experience and imagination to work it out in the grand manner. They will never retire to country estates and the solaces of golf.

The President's Speech at the Navy Yard.

The present is no time for carping criticism of Mr. Wilson. He has been through a most trying period and the worst is probably still before him. It is the duty of every American not to increase wantonly the burden upon his shoulders.

But a portion of his speech at the Brooklyn navy yard so completely misapprehended the country's attitude toward him that a word of comment cannot be avoided. Aside from the negligible attacks of Mr. Hearst, there have been no sneers at the President that we can recall. To the contrary, there has been an almost universal expression of faith in his high motives, of belief in his desire to lead the country aright. Seldom, we think, has any country shown a fairer spirit toward its Chief Executive than have the American people toward Mr. Wilson in his recent ordeal.

Criticism of the wisdom of the President's policy is another matter. That has been frequent and of growing volume, without regard to party lines or personal alliances. If Mr. Wilson will only appreciate the good faith of this criticism and come to regard it as so much reasoning to be considered on its merits and in no sense a reflection upon his motives, he will remove one source of annoyance and worry and will surely not be in any worse position to form opinions and reach conclusions. To find sneers where none are intended is as wasteful of nerves as it is perverse of judgment.

The Ego in Reform.

The conviction of the Rev. Bonck White for disorderly conduct in invading Calvary Baptist Church is entirely in accord with the facts, the law and essential decency and justice. No right of freedom of speech is outraged or violated. The rights which were violated were those of the congregation of that church, and they were violated by White. He, a clergyman, knowing the law against disturbance of religious services, went there with what should have been a certainty in mind that his actions would precipitate a disturbance, if not the riot which actually resulted. When he first tried to speak he was warned to desist. There was no question of his being unable in other ways to rid his system of whatever protest was lodged in it—he could have gone to a dozen places and talked his head off without let or hindrance, and the newspapers would have carried his words to thousands who were not present to hear him. That would not do for him.

"I wanted to speak the truth to those people," he told one of the policemen who arrested him, "and that was the way I chose to do it."

That is, this reformer insisted on reforming these other people at his own time, in his own way. It is the trouble with the proselytizers who are alternately amusing and irritating the city—the Sinclairs, Edelsons, Berkman, Ganzes and their ilk—that, like Mr. Kipling's Bimi, they have too much ego in their cosmos. They have a zeal for reform—of their particular brand—which is first cousin to megalomania. If they have not that, they have an itch for notoriety which becomes contemptible when they hitch themselves to some matter of genuine seriousness and moment and divert public attention to their own antics. Ordinarily the innate sense and humor of the town can be trusted to put an end to this. The danger in the present situation is that their antics lead to lawbreaking, such as White's, and the authorities who have to enforce the law cannot, as Mayor Mitchell says, use kid glove methods. Thereupon the proselytizers become martyrs also, sustained by ill founded and misguided sympathy.

There is no lack of free speech in this community. Anybody can air his views on anything almost anywhere. But it is high time to halt these fire-and-sword reformers whose regard is entirely for their own freedom and not at all for the rights and privileges of others. A few more convictions like Marie Ganz's and the Rev. Mr. White's should do it.

Book Shops.

Book shops are like saloons and milliners in leading some kinds of people into extravagance, but they do not otherwise suggest bad habits. The friends—human and humane—that one makes in book shops represent valuable connections and often quite unexpected ones. Of course, the second-hand book shop is infinitely more instructive and interesting than that where novelties alone are dispensed, and the titles therein offer a wider range, just as the prices do. It is regrettable that American book shops are no better than they are; it is because many American booksellers made a mistake in their calling and ought to be selling ribbons or shoestrings.

The department store has cut deep into the field and profits are diminished in the cities as a result, but many book buyers infinitely prefer the smaller shop and will buy there if the bookman has intelligence enough to deserve their trade. The opportunity in smaller towns is a very real one and has been seized upon by all too few dealers. When will these dealers learn that the so-called "best sellers" represent a relatively small part of their possible business and do justice to the admirable series of reprints that are now in the market: the "Temple Classics," "The World's Classics," the "Everyman's Library," "The Belle Lettres Series" and the rest?

Book shops have been the making of at least two great writers: Samuel Johnson, in eighteenth-century England, and Anatole France, in the France of today. The latter has given to book shops some of the best scenes in his best books: from the "Crime of Sylvestre Bonard" down to his much more recent "The Gods Are Thirsty."

The Conning Tower

GRAVITATION.

The heaviest matter, so physicists say,
Is surely predestined to drop,
And so I suggest, if I modestly may:
Don't you want something light at the top?

VAN.

"We have decided," mixtmet George Stallings, "to take the bull by the horns, right here, by turning on the light."

Mr. Stallings says that Umpire Rigler put Bill Sweeney out of the game one day last year, and because President Lynch suspended Sweeney for three days the Boston club lost \$5,000 in receipts. Still, if Sweeney—or any other player—ventured to suggest to a manager that he brought \$1,000 a week in receipts to his club, we are just cynical enough to know that he would receive a large and pyramidal hoot.

JOURNALISTIC MISDEMEANORS.

Silas: "Calling Jack Rose 'Becker's Nemesis' as the 'Evening World' does, what a womanly gambler Rose must be!"

Leonie: "The 'Herald's' picture of McGraw and King George shaking hands, printed the day after their meeting."

And Anne recalls the case of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Turpin, in O. Henry's "Suite Homes and Their Romances," who secured "a sensational notice with their names attached to pictures of the Queen of Roumania and M. Santos-Dumont."

TO MAY.

Gentle Jocund May I sing
And the joys of gardening;
Bugs, their winter sloth forsaking,
To the lust of life are waking;
Nothing from their gambols safe is—
O'er my rose-trees romps the aphid;
Cut-worms subterranean nibble
Early peas the while I scribble;
Canker-worms for blossoms hankering
Practise their cantankerous cankering,
Merrily in mine orchard pale
Coddlings coddle the oyster scale!

How I love these blithesome creatures
With their bland voracious features,
How it shakes me with delight
When my peony-buds they blight!
—But who that gardens is not gay
In the jolly month of May—?

L. W. D.

Was there ever a kindlier, more restrained, scholarly, and less comic-supplement-like group of men than Frank Moore Colby, Simeon Strunsky, Stephen Leacock, George Wolfe Plank (who designed our cover), Oliver Herford, P. G. Wodehouse (who has been accused of trying to Americanize "Punch"), Reginald Birch, James L. Ford, Charles Huard, Frederick L. Allen (the "White Hope" of our young humorists), Henry Brinsley, Acton Davies, "Nix," H. W. Van Loon and Anne O'Hagan—Vanity Fair.

Especially Anne O'Hagan. She's an unusually restrained man.

WE CONDUCTORS ARE LIKE THAT.

Sir: He was a good conductor, but he needed editing.

I had got on a midnight train. It was a good train—but it was going to the wrong place. In order to facilitate my return to the right place—about five a. m.—the conductor gave me the following, on a pink slip, to be tendered to another conductor: "Mr. Healey, please pass lady back to Summit on wrong train."

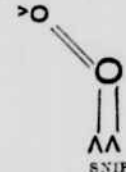
M. DE M.

Still, one must—ay, even yagotta—hand it to Ambassador Page, who says gambling is as certain as the writing game. Here is Bonck White convicted. Dr. White's books, however, are published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Darwinian Thought About a Post-Darwinian Bird.
By S. H. A.

THE SNIPE

Observe the Snipe
Revert to type.



"Why not," suggests A. N. P., "the following ads for railroads which are advertising Colorado's points of interest:

SPEND TWO DELIGHTFUL WEEKS IN BLOODY COLORADO.

VISIT THE SCENE OF THE LUDLOW MASSACRE.

BEAUTIFUL STARVING CHILDREN AND HANDSOME WIDOWS.

LOOK OVER THE GREAT COAL FIELDS; FRESH GRAVES EVERYWHERE.

POST CARD PICTURES OF THE FAMOUS "DEATH TENT."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PARCEL POST.
[From the Grandpa Federalist.]

Dr. Lamb, the well known eye specialist, about whom we made announcement in a few issues ago arrived by mail this morning. He returns by mail on Monday next only remaining here for five days. Those who require his services will do well to call to see him at the Home Hotel as early as possible.

Chick Evans earns his living selling bonds and should be a regular grizzly at financial affairs. Yet "for club house privileges," he specialises the American, "there will be a charge of five shillings a day, or about five pounds for the week."

THE COMPLETE SLINGER.

[From Chaucer's "The Clerk's Tale" stanza 4.]
I blame him thus, that he considered nought
In tyme coming what might him bityde,
But on his present pleasure was his thought,
As for to haue and hunt on every syde;
Wel nyg al thir curis let he styde.

Whether "red blooded men" have to have war we don't know; we rather doubt it. But we know that it stimulates newspaper circulation.

PROOFROOM ELUDERS.

[From yesterday's Tribune.]
Ernest Glendening . . . who displayed his talents so signally in "Prinella," is equally as good . . . as the pony laid still.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
The weather sort of irks a guy
Who wants a chance to verify
"Im wunderschönen Monat Mai."

F. P. A.

"A WAR OF SERVICE."



VILLA—He means—to us.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

THE FATHER OF THE NATION

With Reproof for the Words of Ungrateful Children.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The papers of to-day are criticizing our President's words about working in the face of sneers as "un-Lincolns." It is safe to say that in almost every discussion of the Mexican situation Mr. Wilson is called a "yellow" college professor, more full of grapejuice and theory than of action.

I think that we as a nation should try to see things in the way he sees them. Mr. Wilson is a true student, and that is something which precious few of those who give him sneers instead of sympathy are. Because he is a student he is able to view situations with a better eye to perspective than the average citizen. And it is the average citizen whose distrust of the President's policies is so great. He reasons that a man cannot at once be a student and a statesman.

Mr. Wilson is trying to be a benefactor toward Mexico and a factor toward the United States at the same time. In both these roles he is making a noble, humanitarian, twentieth century effort for brain to conquer brawn. And neither country makes any attempt to appreciate his motives. Mexico's hostile attitude toward him is not as culpable as our own, for this country is his child. And his reference to sneers in the memorial speech on May 11 simply shows that he feels:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."
LILLIAN H. DRIBBEN.
New York City, May 12, 1914.

IN DEFENCE OF UNIONS

What They Strive to Do for Labor, in a Member's View.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: It is evident from the letter of Mr. John Robertson, dated April 30, 1914, that he does not really know much about labor unions. Mr. Robertson states that the labor unions rule this country. This statement is untrue, because if the labor unions ruled this country there would be a national eight-hour day for all workers and equal pay for workers in each industry, so that all employers and manufacturers in each respective industry would be placed on an equal competitive base. Irrespective of in what section of the country his plant may be. The abolition of child labor, recognition of the unions and the settlement of labor disputes by a federal mediation and arbitration board would also be laws.

He states that an honest mechanic is forced to join the union, whether he wants to or not. Now, Mr. Robertson knows that he is no more forced to join the union than he is forced to live; but if a mechanic insists or is determined to work in a shop where conditions were made by the union men the union men have the right to insist on his joining the union.

If the statement made by Mr. Robertson relative to his being "waylaid and brutally beaten" be true, I want to say that I hope Mr. Robertson is not a member of a labor union at present, because men who have to be beaten into an organization are of no benefit to that organization, and the organization would be better off without him.

For Mr. Robertson's benefit and for the benefit of the public I would state that the members of a labor union do vote as to whether or not they go on strike. In many unions the vote is by ballot and every member has the opportunity of expressing his own choice. It takes two-thirds or three-quarters of the members to carry a strike vote.

In conclusion, I would like to state for the benefit of those who may not know that the labor union is an organization for improving the sanitary conditions under which the worker toils, so that his days may be long upon this earth; for increasing the wages of the worker, so that he may be able to live like a human

THE JOY OF MUSCLES FREE!

Mrs. Blatch on Bloomers and the Needs of Two-legged Animals.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In an editorial in The Tribune of Saturday occurs this paragraph:

The earlier woman's rights movement in this country and elsewhere had a good deal of masculinism about it. Trousers and stiff collars, with the outward and visible signs of a sex astray. The new idea about woman then held was that her business was the imitation of man.

The origin of the so-called Bloomer dress was completely different from the one here suggested. In fact, it took its root in the most womanly duty. Mrs. Charles Dudley Miller, the daughter of Gerrit Smith, found skirts so inconvenient in caring for her children that she evolved the idea of the Bloomer dress and after a time fixed the sort of her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, mother of four bouncing boys, at Seneca Falls, to join her converts. It was in 1861 that Mrs. Miller received the welcome news in a delightful letter that Mrs. Stanton intended to slash up her skirts and be physically free. Her determination to be emancipated was clinched by an experience she had had the night before. She told how she was mounting the stairs, candle in one hand and baby on the other arm, when, in order to make her journey safe, she found herself ignominiously compelled to bring into requisition the only prehensile member she had free and grip her skirts in her teeth. Recognition of the "business" needs of the daughters of Eve as mothers, and not as imitators of the sons of Adam, prompted these good ladies in their dress reform.

The impression of just what they did imitate is as mistaken as the general opinion as to their motive. The upper part of the Bloomer costume was typically feminine. An old dactylographer of Mrs. Miller and a wood cut of Mrs. Stanton in a newspaper of the time show the one in lace collars and cuffs and ruffles, the other in fluffy furs. Their correspondence tells of ball costumes on the lines of this dress of Turkish women, made of satin and brocade, quite worthy of a presentation of "Nathan der Weise" at the State Theatre in Berlin. But, in any case, had they been imitating men they would not have adopted "stiff collars." To accuse them of that is indeed an anachronism, for men did not meekly succumb to the starched torture until long after the middle of the nineteenth century.

The Bloomer costume, in so far as it copied men's dress, was indeed ugly. But its aim was a good one, well worth the consideration of thinking people of to-day. Apparently a large number of persons still believe that there is something moral in being uncomfortable. Above the waistline men are unhygienically and uncomfortably clad; below the waistline women are unhygienically and uncomfortably clad. Possibly the present skirt of women is on the edge of developments. It certainly suggests emphatically that women are two-legged animals. The future may hold in store an extension of the skirts to the waist, revealing rather than suggesting nature's anatomical intentions.

Narrow minded scoffers in the older days prevented earnest people working out a costume adapted to bifurcated creatures. But the dress of men and women, as directed by the scoffers, is neither so suitable nor so artistic that experimentation should now be discouraged. So long as our customary clothes have to be changed for "knickerbockers," "gym suits" or "running togs" whenever we want to do anything, we have not reached the final word on dress.

Have we sufficient common sense among us to welcome an iconoclast who might threaten the existence of bowlers hats and high-heeled shoes, stiff collars and corsets, trousers and hobble skirts? All hail to the reformer who can convert us to the joy of muscles free!

HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.
New York, May 11, 1914.

The Rev. Dr. Robinson on Ulster.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: A friend has sent me a cutting from your paper of May 4, in which a short report appears of an address I gave at the Ascension Church Forum on the subject of Ulster. I am described as having "attacked the Roman Catholics." Kindly let me say that this is not correct. I had no reason to attack any one. The address was not controversial, but simply dealt with the facts of the present deplorable situation. We who have been working for years in Ireland to bring about a better feeling with all creeds and classes realize very sorrowfully what the exclusion of Ulster will mean in the future, for a barrier will be erected between north and south that nothing can remove, and this is the most ruinous settlement that could come to poor Ireland. I and for one think it could have been avoided.

J. M. ROBINSON, M. A.,
Rector of Ovoca.
New York, May 7, 1914.